Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

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HIS REASON.

I'm in love, and you ask why, old fellow?
By Jove, man, but how can I tell—
Unless it, may be, is her beautiful eyes
That are starry and tender like—well,

Like the pure eyes of angels in pictures—
But no, now I think, it's her mouth,
With lips just like curled crimson rose leaves,
Warm and sweet with the breath of the south.

Then her hair—ah! her hair in the sunshine,
It's like copper and gold in its sheen,
And she braids it in some way that's perfect,
And it crowns her small head like a queen.

Perhaps it's her chic way of dressing.
She is always so faultlessly sweet,
From the crown of her low Paris turban
To the small varnished shoes on her feet.

There was never another dressed like her,
Nor carried herself with such grace,
Nor smiled in so winsome a manner,
With such archness and joy in her face—

You are laughing!—Oh! come now, old fellow,
You're a celibate, heartless and wise—
So was I—yet a small thing may change you—
Just one look into some woman's eyes.

—Marie Joureau, in Brooklyn Life.

PLANTIN' 'TATERS.

A Job Which Sam Pomeroy Cordially Hated.

How Joe Crane Showed Him a Pleasant Way to Get Rid of It—But Then Hayin' and Harvestin' Are to Come.

When I was fishing down on Barley run Doc Barnes came in one day and said he had just been up to Farmer Ben Pomeroy's and Jim Crane's taking some stitches in Ben's boy Sam and Jim's boy Joe. The circumstances that led to his call up in that neighborhood, as near as I could get it from authentic sources, were substantially as follows:

Fourteen-year-old Sam Pomeroy was industriously planting potatoes in a back field on his father's farm that forenoon when thirteen-year-old Joe Crane came along.

"Plantin' taters, Sam?" said Joe.

Sam said he was.

"What do you git fer doin' it?" asked Joe.

"Don't git nothin' fer doin' it," replied Sam. "Fer not doin' it I get licked."

Then there was silence for a moment. By and by Joe said: "It's too wet to plant 'taters. They'll rot."

"Don't seem to strike my pap that way," said Sam, and he planted along. Silence for a spell. Then Joe said:

"Tha's a wildcat up here apiece, Sam."

"Go 'way!" exclaimed Sam, straightening up and leaning on his hoe. "Where'bouts?"

"Jist beyond the laurel patch, nigh the edge o' the Devil's Rut," replied Joe.

Sam pondered in silence for a minute, with his chin on his hoe, and then, sighing, resumed his planting. Joe broke the silence again:

"Can't you sneak your pap's gun?" said he. "I've snuck my pap's."

"Yes, I kin sneak it easy enough," said Sam, leaning on his hoe with one hand and scratching his head with the other. "But pap'll lick me like tarnation fer knockin' off plantin'."

"Tha's two dollars bounty now for the wildcat's ears," insinuated Joe. "An' the hide's wuth two dollars more."

"That's so," said Sam, shaking his head dolefully. "Durn the taters!"

"Tha's a circus over in town next week," said Joe, "an' 'taint fur yit till the Fourth o' July. I s'pose your pap'll give you two dollars, o' course, to take 'em in."

"Not by a jugful, he won't!" exclaimed Sam, dropping the hoe. "Where'll I meet you, Joe?"

"By the rock spring," replied Joe. "I got pap's gun hid up there."

And Joe went back to the woods, while Sam took a circuitous route for home, as his father was plowing on the direct route. In less than a quarter of an hour he and Joe loaded their guns at the rock spring and marched for the place where the wildcat was alleged to be lurking. That there was a wildcat in the vicinity, and a big one, was well known. Some said there were two. One had been seen several times, at any rate, and a number of lambs had been killed and carried off, and poultry yards had been thinned out in a way that denoted the methods of the wildcat. So there was no doubt that one of these destructive prowlers at least was operating in the neighborhood. Men had hunted for it and trapped for it, but it had thus far eluded hunter and trapper. The day Joe Crane appeared to Sam Pomeroy on the potato field he had been looking for a hawk's nest that he believed was somewhere among the old pine stubs around the Devil's Rut when he ran across a big wildcat, which ran up a tree, crouched in the fork, and glared back at him. He had thereupon hurried home, "snuck" his father's gun, and with rare diplomacy induced Sam Pomeroy to "sneak" his father's gun and join in a campaign against the wildcat's pelt and ears.

Joe, as the arbiter of the hunt, sent Sam through the laurel patch when they got there, where he shrewdly suspected the catamount had his refuge, while he himself went around the patch to be ready for the wily game if Sam routed it out. Sam started the big cat and got a shot at it. He broke one of its hind legs, but the wildcat bounded on out of the laurels on three legs. It came out near Joe, and he gave it a charge from his pap's gun, and tumbled it heels over head. It fell, kicking and yelling, right on the edge of the Devil's Rut, and its dying kicks carried it over the edge, and it fell headlong to the bottom of the rut.

The Devil's Rut, so-called, is a canyon on a small scale. It is a seam in the rocks, not over ten feet wide at its widest part, thirty feet deep and a quarter of a mile long. Joe and Sam looked down into the Devil's Rut and could see the wildcat lying there dead. To climb down the side of the opening was an impossibility, and it looked as if the hunt was to be a fruitless one after all.

"We're dished!" said Sam, "an' I'm a heap worse off than nothin', fer all I'll git now'll be pap's lickin'!"

But Sam was too much of a pessimist. Joe was optimistic. If he hadn't been he would have lost the wildcat's bounty and its skin, perhaps, but both he and Sam would have returned home with more skin of their own than they did, to say nothing of clothes.

It is a great place for wild grapes around and about the Devil's Rut. The vines extend from tree to tree, some of them in continuous stretch for fifty feet or more. It took Joe Crane no longer than two minutes to think out a plan for securing the wildcat and all that it implied. He traced out a vine that had thrown itself through the trees for fifteen or twenty yards from its parent cane. He climbed the trees in succession, cutting the vine loose from the branch vines and tendrils that held it, and at last had it free, a long, strong natural rope, fully fifty feet in length. The two boys tested its strength by both putting their weight on it at once, and banging from it. It held stanch and safe to its native tree. Joe lowered the vine to the bottom of the Devil's Rut, and went down into the ravine, hand over hand upon it. His intention was to fasten the wildcat's carcass to the vine and haul it up. But while Sam was waiting for the signal to pull away he heard Joe shouting something else.

"Hello, Sam!" Joe's voice came up from the Rut. "Drop down here with the guns! Tha's a hole full o' more wildcats!"

Sam couldn't drop down with the guns, so he tied them to a long grapevine and lowered them to the bottom. Then he dropped himself down Joe's grapevine and joined Joe in the Rut.

"Look in yonder!" said Joe, pointing to a big hole in the rocks. Sam looked, and saw four balls of fire, all in a row.

"Each pair o' them balls o' fire," said Joe, "is two dollars fer bounty an' two dollars fer hide. That's tootems four is eight, and this feller layin' over here is tootems two is four, makin' twelve, 'cordin' ta Duboll. You take the two balls on the nigh side, Sam, an' I'll take the two on the off side. When I say three, let her bim!"

It seemed a good while to Sam before Joe said three, but when the word came he "let her bim," according to directions. Both guns went off at once, and the four balls of fire disappeared, but something else came in sight. Two wildcats bounded out of the hole in the rocks, over the bodies of the two Joe and Sam had shot, and while the report of the guns was still bowling along the narrow passage in booming echoes, and before the boys had time to be surprised they found themselves mixed up on the rocky bottom of the Devil's Rut with wildcats, grapevines, guns and stones in such a way that the impress of it on their minds will be fresh and vivid long after the impressions it made on their bodies have healed up and disappeared.

Neither Joe nor Sam can recall just how they managed to bring the end about, but the appearance of the two wildcats' heads conveyed the impression that it was accomplished principally by the butts of guns. At any rate, when the rush and whirl and yelling was all over the boys found themselves sitting on the bottom of the Rut without much clothing on to speak of, and with scarcely a spot four inches square from their shoulders down that didn't have the marks of a wildcat's claw imprinted on it. As they sat there wiping blood with such bits of shirt and things as still hung to them Joe was the first to break the silence.

"That hole," said he, "was a leetle fuller o' wildcat than I calkilated on. But them last ones makes tootems four is eight more, Sam."

Sam said he "know'd it," but made the apt suggestion that they had better be digging out of there and making for home to get patched up. So they agreed that they had done their share, and would go home and send their paps back after the guns and the wildcats. They hauled themselves out of the Rut by the grapevines and limped homeward.

It happened that not long after Sam Pomeroy had abandoned operations in the potato field and joined Joe Crane in the wildcat hunt, his father strolled over to the field to see how he was getting along. Finding the hoe there alone, Farmer Pomeroy hurried home to see what had become of Sam. Not finding Sam, but noticing that the gun was gone, he started for the woods. In the course of his reconnoitering he at last came upon Sam and Joe as they were making the best time they could homeward, tattered and disabled.

"Jist what I ben a 'spectin'!" exclaimed Farmer Pomeroy. "That gun has gone and busted on you at last! Sarves you right, an' I'll give yer hide a tannin' when I git ye home."

"Don't know about that, pap," said Sam. "You won't find much hide left on me to tan, I'm thinkin'."

Then the boys told the wildcat story, and Farmer Pomeroy helped them home on the double quick, turned them over to their mothers, sent for the doctor, and he and Joe's father went to the Devil's Rut and brought in the wildcats and their guns. After Doc. Barnes had patched Joe and Sam up, he said:

"Potato planting will all be over, Sam, when you get around again."

"So I s'pose," said Sam. "But then comes the grass and the rye. Them wildcats seen me through the plantin' all right. I only wisht that me an' Joe could find another hole full o' more of 'em. That'd help me over hayin' an' harvest, too."—Ed Mott, in N. Y. Sun.

One Use for the Onion.

A very convenient mucilage can be made out of onion juice by anyone who wishes to use it. A good sized Spanish onion, after being boiled a short time, will yield, on being pressed, quite a large quantity of very adhesive fluid. This is used quite extensively in various trades for pasting paper on tin or zinc, or even glass, and the tenacity with which it holds would surprise anyone on making the first attempt. It is the cheapest and best mucilage for such purposes, and answers just as well as many of the more costly and patent cements. Some of the cements sold by street fakirs at ten cents a bottle consist of nothing but onion juice and water, and the bottle and cork cost a great deal more than the contents.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Famous Carriage.

The carriage which Napoleon I. used in his famous retreat from Moscow, and in which he started out from Paris in the campaign that ended at Waterloo, is now held by the trustees of the Wellington estate, having been captured by the iron duke. It is a two-seated conveyance; top and sides lined with iron; there is also a front "curtain" that can be raised and lowered at will. The wheels are large and heavy and the steps are finished with curious battle designs done in silver. The emperor used the back seat and kept his pillows and blankets under it. The back of the front seat was used as a cupboard, and was provided with all sorts of culinary articles and a small spirit or 'oil stove.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—Trop de Zele (an aristocratic tip).—The New Companion (fresh from Girtham college)—"Yes, Lady Jane, I saw her, with her habitual hypocrisy, holding out her hand to him as he was haranguing at his hotel." Lady Jane—"Good gracious, child, don't stick in your h's so carefully as all that. People will think your father and mother dropped 'em and that you're tryin' to pick 'em up."—Punch.

THE NEW HOUSE.

It Never Proves Exactly What it Was Expected to Be.

There is nothing in this world that fills a woman with so much enthusiasm as the thought of going into a brand new house and fixing it up according to one's especial decorative taste. What pleasant days are spent in planning out each nook and corner, in wondering whether pale blue would look prettier than yellow, on if the smoking-room shall be Oriental or more up to date in its hangings.

How we can see before our mind's eye the pretty furniture in colors that we in anticipation have chosen for the little parlor. We even know exactly the shape of the rooms, just how many windows in each and how the sun will come in over the plants in the window seat until our canary will sing for joy and everyone who enters will immediately exclaim, "what a charming home!" We have not, however, in our dream taken into consideration the fact that very few houses, unless built according to our plans, will be found ready-made to answer the purpose. With a limit as to the amount of rent to be expended, we start out and find that one by one our pleasant little visions are dispeled. In one house which comes the nearest to our ideas the delightful bay window looks out into a back street and right into the stalls of a stable located too near our premises to be pleasant.

In another everything is satisfactory but the rent and that is about four times what we expected to pay, so with a peevful sigh we turn our steps elsewhere. A charmingly quaint little hall with an antique hanging lamp almost decides us to take a house quite a ways up town, but investigation proves that the former tenant lost five children from scarlet fever, and we are somewhat timid about venturing there.

On through the list the house agent gave us, and in one we find the rooms are too small, in another too large for our ideas of pretty furnishing. One charming brick affair in a good neighborhood is very tempting until a glimpse at the yard and alley at the back proves a kill joy. In the end a house is selected that is about as far removed from the original idea as it is possible for it to be, yet do not despair, for with taste and a desire to make them homelike the plainest rooms will soon blossom into hospitality and good cheer.—Philadelphia Times.

A NATURAL ERROR.

A Woman's Natural Mistake Concerning Her Husband.

She happened into her husband's office one afternoon. He was out at the time, and the young lady typewriter in the front office said he was gone only for a short time and would return soon. So the wife sat down at his desk to wait for him. A typewritten letter lay before her, and interestingly her eyes followed its lines.

"Dear Jack," it read, "you want to know something about my typewriter. I want to say to you that she is a daisy."

The wife clutched her hands convulsively and gasped for breath. Her first impulse was to rush into the private office and assault the young lady employed there.

"But no," she reasoned, "it is not her fault entirely. My husband is the one to receive the greatest censure. Oh, that I have been so blind. Fool that I was to trust him. But he shall know the extent of my hate as he has undeservedly known the depths of my love."

Then she read further: "I am well acquainted with several other typewriters, but none of them are in it with mine. I was fortunate to secure the one I did, and I'm really in love with my selection."

This was altogether too much for the wife to bear, and the opportune arrival of her husband was all that prevented her from visiting the young lady who was in a measure responsible for all her misery. When her husband entered the room her disturbed and excited appearance alarmed him.

"Why, what's the matter, my dear?"

She pointed to the letter. For an instant her husband was painfully puzzled. Presently he laughed heartily. Then he handed her another note, which read:

DEAR TOM: I want to buy a typewriting machine. Do you like yours and had I better get that kind? Yours, JACK.

And then the wife laughed and brushing a tear from her cheek said that she knew he was a dear good boy.—Chicago Times.

The Handsomest Lady in

Hopkinsville remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other remedies had failed whatever. He to prove

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The foreign missions of the Dutch church received in the year just closed $112,731.98.

—North Avenue Baptist church, Cambridge, Mass., gave during the past year $9,077 for benevolence, and for current expenses $5,012.

—Prof. Slocum, of Corning, N. Y., has been elected president of Kalamazoo college, and Corning is disgusted at the thought of its favorite accepting such a post-office address.

—Miss Hannah Fairchild, of Westport, Conn., is in her seventy-eighth year. She has been a member of Christ church for fifty-five years, and has not missed a service during that period.

—The Methodist general conference has decided in favor of equal representation of lay and clerical delegates. The pews are rapidly taking equal place with the pulpit in directing the policy of this great church organization.

—There is no missionary in Afganistan, with her 6,000,000 people. Annam with 5,000,000, has only Roman Catholic missionaries. India has one missionary to 275,000 people; Persia, one to 300,000; Thibet, one to 2,000,000.—Missionary Review.

—The new Congregational church at Butteville, Ore., consists of ten women, without a single male member. Its deacons, trustees and other officers are women, and the charge to the church was given to a woman minister, Rev. Mrs. Barber, of Wilsonville.—Jewish Messenger.

—England, with ninety-four universities, has 2,723 more professors and 51,814 more students than the 360 universities in the United States. The revenues of Oxford and Cambridge represent a capital of about $75,000,000. The university of Leipsic is worth nearly $20,000,000.—San Francisco Argonaut.

—The state college of Delaware, has a curious and tragic touch in its history. The university was established in 1834, but during the whole decade between 1860 and 1870 its doors were closed, apparently for good. Its coma came of the slaying of one student by another. A son of the chancellor of the state was accused of the crime, but the evidence was insufficient to hold him, and others brought to trial for the crime were cleared. When the next college year following the tragedy opened so few students returned that the institution was closed.

—The United Methodist Free churches, at their recent meeting, reported in the denomination at home and abroad 378 ministers and 77,710 members; of these 68 ministers and 19,510 members are abroad, the income has been $131,430. One characteristic of the meeting was that every item on the programme was timed, the time being placed in bold figures on the wall so that everybody could see when each speech would begin and when it would end. The effect was that the figures were adhered to, there being scarcely an instance of any speaker overpassing his allotted time.

—Thirty years ago there was not a school in all the southern states for colored people, and of the 4,000,000 slaves set at liberty only seven and one-half in each thousand could read. To-day not less than 2,250,000 colored people in the southern states can read. The United States commissioner of education reports over 21,000 schools for negroes that form a part of the public school system of the south, in which are enrolled more than 1,100,000 boys and girls. At the present time there are in all the southern states about seventy institutions for the higher education of negroes, where the graduates are prepared to teach their own people. In these schools are about 1,000 teachers and 16,500 pupils.—Chicago Graphic.

TAKING CARE OF BOOKS.

How the Habit May be Inculcated in Youth —The Book Borrower.

Few persons take proper care of books. Even those who have consideration enough not to fold down the corners of the leaves and blot or mar the pages with pencil marks will not hesitate to leave them lying about, a prey to careless handling, or let them stand on a partly-filled shelf and, tipping over in slant, become spoiled in shape and firmness, but to one who loves them it is painful to see such carelessness. Books should be always kept carefully guarded from dust, always kept upright on the shelves, not at all difficult if a little care is exercised, and never laid down open on the face. This last, a habit with some readers, may be suitable treatment for a third-rate paper novel, but to treat a book for which one has any respect in that fashion shows that person unworthy of ever owning a good book. The proper feeling for books should be taught a child before it is old enough to talk. A mother who loves both her baby and her books proves this possible, and her experience may be worth relating. She felt the necessity of teaching him to be careful, as the family were in the habit of leaving books about, and she knew the child would be handling them very early. She took an old volume and here and there pasted a picture. The little fellow leaved this over daily, and in finding his brightly colored pictures learned to handle the leaves without tearing them. He was not refused other books when older, and at four or five years could be trusted with any volume. It might not be so easy to teach every child, but the experiment is worth trying, at least. But of all persons the one most dreaded by the real book lover is the careless borrower. He who will borrow your handsome pet volume and then lend it to another, or forget to return, or treat it so badly that you scarcely recognize it when it is at last once more in your possession; a person who will be guilty of such things is no better than a thief. To share a good book with a friend is to have a double pleasure out of it, but to lend it to one who ill treats it is to share it with an enemy. This is an old theme. Many a one has loaned a favorite book and never seen it again, but if the borrower could know the estimation in which he was afterward held by the lender he would regret his conduct.

Accurately Gauged.

Customer—That "boy's tool chest" I bought of you was a fraud. The tools didn't last a week.

Dealer—Eh? You must have been using them yourself?

"Of course."

"Those tools were intended for boys, not men. They would have lasted your boy a year at least."

"Hah! I handled them more carefully than a boy would."

"No doubt. But you used them a week. A boy would have tired of them in two days and a half."—Good News.

The only way to cure fever and ague is either to neutralize the poison which cause the disease or to expel them from the system. Ayer's Ague Cure operates in both ways. It is a

Homeseekers' Excursion.

Two Grand Excursions via Union Pacific on August 30th and Sept. 27th, 1892, to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Texas, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, New Mexico and Montana. This is a great opportunity to see the magnificent tracts of land offered for sale by the Union Pacific at low prices and on ten years time. For this occasion the Union Pacific will sell tickets at the rate of one fare for the round trip. See your nearest ticket agent.

They Know How to Dress.

If poets are born, not made, so also are women who possess the genius of perfect dressing. The Empress Eugenie, the princess of Wales and the czarine of Russia possess this talent to a marked degree. Particularly is it true of the princess, who instinctively understands what to wear and how to wear it and is not governed by but governs the mode. Every busy woman is personally indebted to her for the introduction and popularity of the serviceable blue tweed for street wear, and every thin woman owes to her the grateful protection of the high close collar about the neck.—Philadelphia Times.

Unlike the City Article.

Little Country Girl—There! You've spilt a lot of rich cream all over your nice new dress!

Visiting Cousin (from the city)—What difference does that make?

"It'll make a great big grease spot."

"O, how nasty! It isn't a bit like the cream we have at home!"—Chicago Tribune.

—Canning Apples.—Select tart apples. Bellflowers or Duchess are excellent for canning. Peel, quarter and core; throw into cold water until you have enough; prepare a sirup, by using half a pint of water for each pound of sugar. Drain the apples through a colander and put them into the sirup when it boils; cook slowly until tender; but keep them whole; dip into cans and seal.—Housekeeper.

—Priscilla (at the piano)—"I just simply dote on Bach!" Her Cousin (with a far-away look)—"So do I; but it's too late for that. Pilsner's good, though."—Yale Record.

Capt. W. A. Abbott, who has long been with Messrs. Percival & Hatton, Real estate and Insurance Brokers, Des Moines, Iowa, and is one of the best known and most respected business men in that city, says: "I can testify to the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Having used it in my family for the past eight years I can safely say it has no equal